Teen And Up Audiences

No Archive Warnings Apply

The Octonauts (Cartoon)

Kwazii (Octonauts)
Professor Inkling (Octonauts)
Dashi (Octonauts)

Angst
Whump
Kwazii Angst (Octonauts)
Hurt Kwazii (Octonauts)
Mild Gore
Degloving Injury
Kwazii has ADHD (Octonauts)
rip kwazii's tail
a real one while you were still with us
Set during "The Gulper Eels" (Octonauts)
English

Don't Grab A Cat By His Tail

cobalt_wyrm_1

Summary:

Kwazii keeps getting his tail stuck and unfortunately, that's typically not a good thing.

So I ruin the gulper eels episode for him.

Because I can.

Notes:

A fair amount of this dialogue and action is straight from the show, but some of it is changed.

TWs for gore and degloving injuries. If you have any you think should go here, please let me know- I'm terrible at tagging.

Enjoy the cat getting hurt!

“A pirate never leaves his crew behind!”

The ground starts to shake again as he speaks, sending more rocks tumbling over the ledge. He turns round to try and stop any of them that are heading towards the Professor, only for another to slam down right behind him- right on the tip of his tail.

“Yeow! Or his tail.”

He tries a couple of times to push the rock off him and Professor Inkling. It doesn’t accomplish anything, just grinds his tail further into the ground.

“Yarr- We’re gonna need more help, matey.”

“Agreed.” Professor Inkling gives a halfhearted attempt at tugging his tentacles out from under the rocks and achieves… nothing.

“Captain? Come in, Captain! Me and the Professor are trapped- He’s got his tentacles pinned under some giant boulders, and they’re too- Captain?” The static quickly goes from intermittent bursts to an all-encompassing buzz.

“Blast, radio’s down.”

“Not to worry, Kwazii, I’m sure they’ll be here very quickly.”

“Aye, Professor, but I ain’t plannin’ on waiting for them.”

He gives his tail a sharp yank, trying to pull it out from under the rock- it feels as if it might just come off. Each tug seems to catch just at the edge, at something cold and sharp, creeping up his tail and heading towards his chest, as if trying to grab his lungs and freeze them as he still lived. It takes his breath away each time, and while it recedes in between attempts, it never fully leaves, dripping into his lungs and leaving his breaths quick and short.

As soon as he stops, the cold changes. It shifts to something hot, flooding his bones as steam fills his head and his chest. He doesn't quite manage to hide a choked cry, but he bites his tongue before another comes out, panting as he tries to keep his footing through the tremors.

“Kwazii?” Inkling peers over the rock, concern filling his eyes. Kwazii hates that look.

“I’m alright, Professor- Tis nothin’ a pirate can’t handle!”

“Oh, I’m sure, but…” Inkling pauses, and he’s clearly searching for the right words, taking a moment to think through whatever he wants to get across. “It might be in our best interests to wait for the Captain to arrive. You shifting the boulder, well, it’s quite uncomfortable.”

“Oh. Sorry about that, Professor.” Apparently, he’ll have to wait.

It feels like forever. Captain Barnacles would never make them wait too long, but he can’t move. There’s nothing to look at but Inkling, the rocks, and the ground. There’s nothing to do. He keeps pacing back and forth, scowling at the ground, for what feels like hours. It’s probably less than three minutes.

“Ya hear that, Professor?” Something’s making some sort of creaking noise, somewhere above them.

“Indeed I do, Kwazii.”

“Sounds a bit like-” Kwazii’s cut off as the small ledge they’re on lights up, a bit blinding after the dark.

“It looks like…” Inkling peers up at the creaking hulk slowly drifting down towards them.

“The Octo-Max Suit!” They finish in unison, almost cheering as Dashi finally lands on the platform.

“Looks like you two are in a tight spot!” Dashi sounds relieved. Kwazii’d have to admit he is too. His legs feel like they’re going numb from standing around for so long.

“Dashi!” He and Inkling both shout at the same time.

“Don’t worry! I’ll have you both out of here in no time!”

The suit takes a few giant steps to get closer, dust filling the water each time it lands. In a moment, she’s right next to him, grabbing at the boulder keeping him and one of Inkling’s tentacles in place. She goes to lift the rock, the Octo Max Suit's metal claws gripping the boulder, but nothing happens. The suit strains, Dashi pulls, but the boulder stays firmly in place.

“Gah- It’s too heavy! Now what?” If even the suit can’t lift the boulder, he’s not sure what could.

"Don’t worry Kwazii! This suit has a few more tricks up it’s sleeve. Activating jackhammer!”

She starts on the rock furthest from him, quickly freeing one of the Professor’s trapped tentacles. The radio connection is back up, but he’s too busy watching the suit working on the rocks to actually listen to what they’re saying. At least, until someone brings up eels.

Scurvy things are probably back to try and get a bite of the Professor! He twists around, trying to figure out where they’re coming from. They’re right behind Dashi, as it turns out, mouths wide open and ready to bite.

Tweak’s voice comes through the radio, just a bit of static fuzzing the edges as she talks.

“Dashi, activate the snack shooter.”

“Great idea, Tweak!” The suit turns, facing right towards the eels. “Snacktime!”

“That should hold ‘em!” And, get them off the Professor’s back. Each eel takes a healthy dose of fish biscuits right to the face, and Dashi is quick to turn back around and start on the rocks again, breaking it to pieces.

“The second tentacle’s out- just one to go!” Dashi repositions the jackhammer, right above the rock Kwazii’s tail is under.

“Hurry Dashi! You don’t have much air left!” Tweak’s warning is cut through with more static.

“Almost there! But this rock is really hard to break!”

“Oh- how about a little octopus ink? That might help me slide out!” Inkling squirms under the rock, trying to get into a good position to carry out his plan.

“Good idea, Professor.” Captain Barnacles comments, just as ink starts filling the water.

“I’ll take a blast of that too, Professor!” Kwazii’s not sure how much it’ll help, with how stuck it seems to be, but it’s worth a try.

“I’ll lift, while you two try to wriggle free!” Dashi grabs hold of the boulder again, pulling up.

Kwazii does his best to pull his tail out from under the rock, but the ink doesn't do much. Hardly able to reach his tail, ain't it? At least, not the part that’s stuck. He pulls, but there's no more movement than there had been before, and it'll still take too long for Dashi to break through, especially with the tremors.

“Yeow! Incoming!”

The world is shaking again, rocks tumbling down from somewhere above them into the small trench. He hears the Professor cry out something and Dashi speaking above them, but he can’t make out quite what it is through the noise. All he hears is the clang of metal against stone, as Dashi starts knocking boulders out of the water.

“Get ‘em, Dashi!” It’s a proper bit of swashbuckling, but it doesn’t change that he’s still stuck.

He yanks again, bracing both feet against the rock itself as if that might give him more leverage- and it does. Something gives, enough for him to pull a few centimeters away, but his tail's still caught, just barely.

Dashi lifts up the boulder again, allowing Inkling to get out, and he offers a tentacle to Kwazii. He grabs it, and Dashi switches back to the jackhammer, pounding away at the rock as Kwazii and the Professor pull. This time, it’s successful, and his tail slips out easily just as Dashi breaks through the rock.

“Yeow!”

Everyone’s talking, but Kwazii’s head is buzzing too much for him to parse anything at the moment. He just follows Dashi and Inkling as they start swimming back up.

And then stop. Someone new is talking- one of the eels. It’s not hard to spot the other, trapped underneath a pile of rocks just a few feet away.

“We can’t leave him there!” Inkling edges forward, peering at the trapped eel.

“Aye, even if he did try to eat you.”

“Don’t worry- we’ll help you out!” Dashi descends back to the floor, leaving him and Inkling treading water as she starts drilling through the rocks trapping the eel. It doesn’t take her long, and once he’s out, she starts towards the surface again, boosting towards the Gup A, along with Professor Inkling.

Kwazii heads for the Gup E instead. He needs to check on the coral, and-

“Are you two alright?” Peso’s voice sounds through the radio, and the worry in his voice is louder than the words are.

“I’m quite alright, my dear boy, nothing but a bruise.” Inkling’s already on the gup with Peso, so Kwazii’s sure that Peso will give it a good look and a bandage no matter what.

“Ship-shape and ready to sail, Peso!”

“Are you sure, Kwazii? That was a very large rock…”

“Avast- ye think a pirate like me’d be done in by a little pebble like that?”

Sure, it hurts. Maybe he's sprained it - he's sure the tip is scuffed. But the pain is already fading, so it must not be anything too bad. Nothing to waste a bandage over, and the Octo-Max is already attached to the Gup A, anyways. He just needs to get to the Gup E and check on the coral.

Which, for some reason, is easier said than done. The swim to the Gup E is taking him longer than it should. He’s probably just tired, it’s been a long day, but his legs just won’t move quite how he wants them to. His kicks are messy and uncoordinated. Probably just thrown off from finally having his tail back.

He does get to the Gup though, even if it takes longer, and the coral looks fine. He reports it to the Professor over the radio, driving the Gup E over to the others, and takes the chance to take off the diving suit while they’re talking.

Getting in and out of the deep sea suits is always a nightmare, and his tail is the worst of it. Even worse now, as trying to yank it off like he usually does leaves his head spinning and his spine sparking like a lit fuse. In the end, he settles for slowly peeling it off his tail, cursing the fact it had to be such a good fit. Still, the shooting pain is a worthy tradeoff for finally getting that accursed suit off, and he finally can pull it off the tip of his tail-

And something falls to the ground with a wet smack. Without really thinking, he goes to pick it up- limpets and wet kelp get stuck on the suits sometimes- and his paw comes back holding a clump of his own fur. And skin. A bloody mess, held together just barely by clots and bits of tissue.

Desperately, his spare paw grabs for his tail, as if to check that it’s still there, bringing the tip up so he can check it. There’s been some mistake. He’d just bruised it- broken, at the absolute worst, nothing… Nothing like this.

It’s a ghastly sight. All red, with something silvery white streaking through it, and blood welling up all along it. Silvery white and cream, just underneath that. Bones, peaking out from underneath the torn muscles and tendons. It hardly looks like part of a living creature. No- it’s something straight from one of Calico Jack’s tales, a sea ghost, some pirate still bearing the ghastly injuries that had stripped away their life as their ship was dashed upon the rocks. And it’s his tail.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, he considers the possibility that he’s turning into a sea ghost. That slowly, all his skin will fall away, just like this, and he’ll be alive for all of it, as he turns into a monster that warns young kits away from dangerous seas.

He'd always thought that sea ghosts needed to actually die, first.

"Kwazii? Are you coming?"

Captain Barnacles' voice over the radio startles him out of… something, and he flinches away from the sound. He drops his tail, and it falls limply back towards the ground, the raw tip sticking to the floor of the Gup in a way that makes his fur crawl. He's still holding the skin, he notices, and it's already turned his paw pads red and sticky. Both his paws are covered in blood. He drops the bundle of skin and fur, grabbing at the buttons to try and open up his side of the radio channel, getting blood all over the control panels. Tweak won't like that. She won't like the blood on the floor, either.

"Captain?" He sounds breathless, and that's when he realizes his lungs are burning, each breath coming and leaving far too fast, harsh pants that don't give him any air.

"Kwazii? Are you alright?"

"I think- I don't-"

How does he describe this? What does he even say?

"I need Peso."

It's close enough. It's the truth. Not enough of it, but the truth. He's not even sure what Peso would do. If there's anything to do. There's more talking over the radio, but he can't bring himself to listen. He just sinks to the ground, grabbing back onto his tail like he can stop the injury from spreading if he holds on tight enough. Blood starts to puddle in his lap, a steady drip coming from the injury.

He wonders if sea ghosts bleed.

Close (#)